

## EDDIE FOY SING? HE INDIGNANTLY DENIES CHARGE

Court Throws Itself on His  
Mercy When Vocal Ex-  
hibition Threatens.

WHAT OF LITTLE FOYS?

Oh, They Confine Themselves  
to Rec-i-ta-teeve, Explains  
Their Indulgent Dad.

It is not yet of official record whether Eddie Foy can sing or not. The public is as yet unlighted as to what they have been paying for at Keith's Union Square Theatre, whether they have been flocking during the week to witness the performance of the Foy family. It will not be known until next Wednesday morning whether the seven little Foylets who help dad in his show are songbirds or merely talking troubadours.

Officer Thomas B. Watson, one of the Watsons from away back and an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, haled Foy into the Jefferson Market Police Court for violation of Subdivision 6 of Section 485 of the Penal Law. This prohibits the singing or dancing of a child on the public stage actually, or apparently, under the age of sixteen.

The comedian made his entrance from New Rochelle in a taxicab (an independent one) and asked the teller if this was the Jefferson Market Police Court. He was accompanied by his sixteen-year-old son Bryan.

"Cruelty to my children," remarked Eddie with tears in his eyes. "Why, their mother is with them all the time and also a nurse. Why, they are just appearing for exercise during vacation time. I want them with me so they can take my place in case anything happens to me, or in case I croak."

**EDDIE'S SAD FACE LOOKED WORSE THAN USUAL.**

He made a wry face as he got this out of his system, and hastened to declare that he was only fifty-six and nowhere near the Oester line.

"Have the children been singing?" Father was asked.

"Singing? Well, that depends on what you call singing. They say that I sing—what? Oh, the Gerry society is all right. They do lots of good, too. They'll find 'Gyp the Blood, sure.'"

Eddie tried to smile.

"So, this is the Jefferson Market Police Court," he ruminated as he glanced about. "Well, well! I used to play down here on Eighth avenue and Twelfth street before I had any children. I remember it as though it were but yesterday."

"Where did you play then?" inquired a bystander.

"I used to play in a lot down there." There were many cases to be disposed of before the celebrated case was called.

But finally Foy's name was heard and a hush fell upon the faces of the audience.

With becoming dignity the actor strode down the aisle in the wake of his attorney, Moses A. Sachs. But when he got inside the hall there was that grin which always brings down the gallery.

Eddie missed the music and there was no applause to greet him.

He took his seat and Officer Watson took the stand. Magistrate Breen looked up at the Foy family and smiled. It was only a moment, then the judicial frown settled down to business and he asked the prosecution if he was ready. Officer Watson said he was, but he took about five minutes to show that he wasn't. Somebody whispered to the comedian that Magistrate Breen was a good "guy." With a broad grin, Eddie whispered back out of the corner of his mouth: "Till you better when I get through."

**THERE WAS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR—SUCH A KNOCK!**

Mr. Watson stated how he had come to the theatre on the night of Aug. 28 and had sat in the fourth row. He had heard the children sing. There was Charley and Richard, Mary and Madeline and Eddie and Irving. Eddie (Foy) sang a song, "The Man from Mexico," he said, and the kids all joined in the chorus. Later Eddie sang another song and the children helped him out with the chorus. The officer said that he had gone to Foy's dressing room afterward and told him that he must stop the children from singing, and the comedian responded that if he were doing anything in violation of the law he would take the show off.

"Did you say that Mr. Foy sang?" asked the attorney on cross-examination.

"I did," replied the witness.

"What?" cried the lawyer.

"Well," stammered the Gerry police-diman, "you can call it what you like—an attempt at singing."

"Mr. Foy is not charged here with singing," interposed the court, with the bearing inflection in his tone. Even Eddie, who joined in the broad grin that went about his mouth, was silent.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Foy, who was making the greater effort to stop the children of the left-off the show.

"Oh, the children were?"

"You mean that they were worse than their father?"

"Oh, no! They were better."

## What Is the Wife's Share of the Income That Is Acquired by the Husband?

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**WHO SHOULD CARVE THE PAY ENVELOPE**  
"My Husband Earns \$50 a Week, Yet He Grumbles About Giving Me \$10 a Week, and I Am Expected to Serve Meat Twice a Day for Three Adults,"  
Writes a Discouraged Wife.

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.



NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

Now, what are most of these little matrimonial clashes about? Isn't it money? Isn't it because in so many households neither husband nor wife has any sustained idea of what it should cost them to live, and neither of them has a definite notion of what proportion of the family income should be the personal property of letters I have received from time to time from the married readers of The Evening World, the financial question is responsible for much of the dissension between husbands and wives.

Let us consider two of these letters, one from a dissatisfied husband who states his side of a quarrel, the other from a wife with a real grievance.

**EXPECTED TO PERFORM WONDERS ON \$10 A WEEK.**

Dear Madam: Please tell me if \$10 per week is an extravagant sum to spend for three meals a day for three adults, pay ice and milk bills, all soaps for laundry and toilet purposes, pins, needles and thread for household use; in fact, if I need a jar of cold cream I must make it reach so this amount covers my daily needs.

I am expected to serve meat twice a day, some kind of breakfast food and eggs for the morning meal. My husband earns a good salary, \$30 per week, yet he grumbles about giving me this amount every week. I do all my own housework and a big share of the family wash. At times I get very discouraged, and then again think perhaps some other woman could do better than I. Tell me frankly what you think.

**What I think frankly of this particular woman's problem is that in view of her husband's income she**

the law he would take the show off," asked Sachs.

"Yes."

"That's all. What more is to be said?"

"Have you any witnesses?" asked Magistrate Breen, who was apparently enjoying the matter.

"Oh, I've got two," responded Watson, "the stand and that officer began to tell what happened on the night before the complaint was made. Mr. Sachs was there with an objection and the Court sustained him. The only evidence that could be considered, Mr. Watson was informed, must relate to what took place on the night when the complaint was made. The officer said that he might get the superintendent to tell what occurred the next night, and Magistrate Breen asked him if he had no witnesses to substantiate his case."

"Oh, yes, we have been watching him every night."

The prosecution asked for a postponement until the superintendent could be called. Lawyer Sachs said that he was willing to accept what Mr. Watson said the superintendent would say, but the Court would not stand for it. He said he would adjourn the case till morning, but Eddie said that he had to take the children to church at New Rochelle on Sunday.

"I would like to have you hear Mr. Foy sing," said his attorney.

**MAGISTRATE HAS NO EAR FOR MUSIC.**

"No, really," returned Magistrate Breen. "I will take his word for it. Nobody said he could sing," said Watson.

"Well, if he can't sing how is it to be expected that his progeny should

When City Magistrate Freschi remarked the other day that all unhappy marriages have their origin in little things he uttered a truth which even those who had never encountered it before must have recognized as a self-evident proposition. Nearly all of us are adequate to the great crises of married life. It is far easier to rise to a catastrophe which happens once in a lifetime than to support the daily friction of uneventful association with its many unavoidable clashes, each one negligible in itself, but taken altogether quite a heavy cargo of woe for the good ship Matrimony to carry in a choppy sea.

In every association of a man and a woman there is always one person more endowed with financial sense than the other. That person, irrespective of sex, should be the administrator of the general family fund. But in no instance is a man justified in depriving his wife of a fixed personal allowance and so forcing her to petty subterfuges to obtain the money he considers her unit to handle.

**TOLD WIFE TO USE THE AUTO AND SAVE CAR FARE.**

Years ago, a woman wrote me a letter saying that, though her husband was a millionaire, he refused to give her money for car fare, telling her to use the automobile. She added that, as he kept the automobile for his own use three days out of six, she was for half the week practically imprisoned in her own home by lack of money.

According to David Graham Phillips and other interpreters of the ways of the wealthy, this practice of keeping the wife in absolute dependence is common among very rich men. In other words, when the modern King Cophetua marries the Beggar Maid she has to keep on begging for the rest of her life. Then why marry Cophetua?

**HIS WIFE REFUSES TO ACCOUNT FOR HIS MONEY.**

Dear Madam: In my wife justified in objecting to my keeping an account of our household expenses. She refuses to keep track of hers or to give me a list of them. It is true I sometimes criticize her purchases, but haven't I the right? She is not stinted in so far as I am able to supply her with clothes, etc. My income is not large, yet I should be able to put aside a dollar or two every week, but I have never been able to do it. My wife claims she would do this had she the handling of the money. I know differently. Her mother used to get all her father's wages. The result was, nothing saved. My wife has never worked for a living and does not

develop into warblers," asked the lawyer.

"I don't sing, Your Honor," said Foy. "I know, I know," groaned his Honor.

"Hub!" exclaimed the comedian, and his attorney stepped on his foot. "No, sure not I only talk. That's all the children can do, too. They only go on in recitative."

"Again, please," said the Magistrate. "They just talk—the song while the music in the orchestra carries out the piece."

The Court was much enlightened. Really, it had been an instructive ten minutes, and Magistrate Breen wasn't going to let it go at that. By agreement both sides the case was postponed until Wednesday morning at 10:30 o'clock.

"Gee!" mused the actor and father of actors. "Do I have to get up again in the morning? This too much?"

**DUC ELIE DE CAZES DEAD.**

French Nobleman Was Twice Stricken With Paralysis.

PARIS, Aug. 31.—Duc Elie de Cazes, who married Isabella Blanche Singer, an American, deceased, died at Chantilly today of paralysis. He was forty-eight years old.

He suffered an attack of paralysis a year ago, but his strong constitution enabled him to recover. A second stroke last night, however, carried him off in a few hours.

Duc de Cazes was the third of his line. He also bore the Danish title of Duke of Gloucester. He is succeeded by his son Louis, born in Paris on Feb. 24, 1884.

know the value of money. She seems to economize five or ten cents. If she can't save dollars she thinks it's no use. I have had to struggle. I have learned to do without and I am a good buyer. My wife knows it. I am eleven years older, besides. Why should I change my way? Am I on the wrong track? I am no spendthrift. I don't drink. I am always home at night. Must I turn my money over to an inexperienced girl?

A. L.

Now, the difficulty of such problems as these is that they cannot be solved by a fixed rule. There are too many spendthrift women to say that every man should turn over his entire salary to his wife. And there are too many mean men to declare that the husband is always the better administrator of the family funds. Certainly no woman has a right to object to the keeping of accounts, and she should give her husband every assistance possible in his efforts to learn how the money is spent. It is perfectly true that the big leak in all our incomes is due to our American scorn of taking care of the pennies.

In every association of a man and a woman there is always one person more endowed with financial sense than the other. That person, irrespective of sex, should be the administrator of the general family fund. But in no instance is a man justified in depriving his wife of a fixed personal allowance and so forcing her to petty subterfuges to obtain the money he considers her unit to handle.

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Life time, Carpenter Ends Life. Peter Hansen, a carpenter, whose wife left him several weeks ago after a month of quarrelling, killed himself with gas today in his room at No. 314 East Eighty-first street.

## DAUGHTER'S CUSTODY AWARDED TO MOTHER UNTIL SCHOOL TIME

Mrs. Nichols Wins in Effort  
and Girl's Letters Are  
Declared Inspired.

Supreme Court Justice Amond today decided that Mrs. Elizabeth Nichols, who got a divorce from William Wallace Nichols, vice-president of the Allis-Chalmers Company, should have the custody of their fifteen-year-old daughter for the balance of the summer, or until school opens, the latter part of September.

The decree of the Missouri court where the divorce was granted provided that the mother should have the custody of the child only during the summer months. Mrs. Nichols expected to have the custody of the child as usual this summer, but the father married again last June, and after the daughter had acted as a bridesmaid at the wedding ceremony she was sent to Manitou, Colo., for the summer. When the case was argued today on a writ of habeas corpus, counsel for the father attached to the return of the writ several letters from Marion protesting against being returned to her mother. One of the letters read:

"Please do not make me go back to my mother. I would not go for anything on earth. What she has said and done is enough to scare me away from her."

"Of course," continued the letter, "no one has ever put me against mother, in fact no one has ever said anything wrong about mother in my hearing."

Counsel for Mrs. Nichols declared that the letter had obviously been inspired. "No child," said the lawyer, "would write a letter like that unless she had been coached by some one."

**GIRLS ALWAYS GETTING MAIL AND TRUNKS MIXED.**

Both Margaretha Kleins, Both Live in Berlin and Both Sailed To-Day.

There was such a row over baggage on the President Lincoln of the Hamburg-American line today that she was half an hour delayed in leaving her pier in Hoboken. And one could hardly blame the poor baggage man, for surely a more confusing state never occurred on the ship. In the first cabin in Miss Margaretha Klein, who was sister-in-law to the second cabin in Miss Margaretha Klein, no relative, whose stateroom is No. 22. Of course the baggage got mixed.

"That's not mine," said Miss Margaretha Klein of No. 19 when the porters brought a trunk into her stateroom.

"Orders, Miss," said the porter and dropped the trunk.

Miss Klein No. 19 sought the steward. So did Miss Klein No. 23. Both complained about the same thing. Then they recognized each other.

"You here," they exclaimed in chorus. "No child," said the lawyer, "would write a letter like that unless she had been coached by some one."

And so it was. And the same thing happened to their baggage on that occasion. In Berlin, where both young ladies live, they often get each other's mail and read each other's secrets. You would think it might make them friendly, but neither cares to think how many letters the other had read which she shouldn't.

They smiled much too sweetly when settling that baggage dispute to be friends," remarked the steward, who is a philosopher.

## MINIC WARRIORS ARE NOW AT WAR OVER CAMPAIGN

Infantryman Says Horses and Men Were Nearly Starved on Duty.

OFFICERS FARED FINE.

Artilleryman Asserts All Hands Were Fed Alike on Wholesome Food.

Following an editorial in The Evening World of last Monday concerning the mismanagement of the Connecticut minic war manoeuvres by the regular army officers in charge of the movements of the thousands of raw soldiers, comment both in defense and criticism of the management of the manoeuvres has come to The Evening World. Some of the protestations of hardship and unnecessary grilling of untrained militiamen go further even than the evidence set forth in the editorial columns of this newspaper.

The Evening World said editorially that the commissariat of the rank and file broke down completely. Confining itself only to the cavalry branch of the service, of which specific knowledge was had, The Evening World's criticism touched upon the fact that forage for the mounts was uncertain and irregular; the overloaded wagon trains were so much delayed that often the militiamen were kept long hours without food; the rations of the men themselves were insufficient when they were not lacking altogether. In brief, The Evening World charged that the commissariat "blew up" completely.

**ONLY CANNED CORN AND ICE CREAM FOR HIS SUPPER.**

A member of the Forty-seventh Regiment who had only canned corn and ice cream for supper one night writes feelingly of his experiences. He says:

To the Editor of The Evening World: After reading in your issue of the 26th World about the great Connecticut manoeuvres, I thought I would take the liberty of writing you this letter.

After arriving at Woodmont, Conn., and hiking about three miles, our first meal was at 10 o'clock that night.

On Wednesday we had bacon and eggs. Our ration for dinner was a sandwich made of bread half baked; for supper we had stew which was not fully consumed, and then passed over again for the next breakfast.

At 9 A. M. Thursday we marched about fifteen miles and received canned corn and ice cream for supper.

One of our men dropped in our company street with cramps, so that he had to be sent to St. Vincent's Hospital in New York for treatment.

If a man dropped in the road a doctor would bandage his wrist. Some of the doctors would look better having cold.

If a man broke his ankle he was given a pill. If a man was poisoned by ivy he was also given a pill.

On one of our hikes each corporal was given a two-lb. can of baked beans and an ordinary box of crackers for eight men. The corporal would wait his chances and eat it all while the other seven went hungry. If it hadn't been for the apples I guess I would have starved.

One of our wagon drivers informed me that his horses hadn't been fed for forty-eight hours.

Our Major had rugs on the floor of his tent, while some of the men didn't have blankets to cover themselves.

My company started out with fifty-two and returned with twenty-four. The wagons were loaded with cases of beer, wines and liquors, while we couldn't put our haversacks in same wagon.

I didn't expect that I was going to a picnic, but I did expect something to eat.

I am a six-year, 100-per-cent man, with a clean record, but will never don the uniform of the militia again.

**A MEMBER OF THE FORTY-SEVENTH N. G. N. Y.**

**ANOTHER VERSION OF TREATMENT OF HORSES AND MEN.**

A private in Battery A of the Second Field Artillery of New York evidently fared much better than the corn and ice cream fed infantryman. Here is his letter:

To the Editor of The Evening World: Your editorial entitled "Minic-Manoeuvres" has attracted wide attention, so much so that I feel it incumbent upon me even as a private of the New York National Guard to say another view before your readers.

I was enlisted in the Ohio National Guard in 1904, and have been in charge of camps of civilians in this section and the Middle West; have acted as cook and as manager.

During the entire military manoeuvres of this year the supply of foodstuffs that I saw, ate and digested was as good as any obtainable in the good New York restaurants.

The horses had oats and hay as liberally as though in their stalls in their armory, which, perhaps, is a lesser quantity than given in a first-class stable. To the hungry men a "second helping" was usually forthcoming.

The amount of work expected from private in the Field Artillery is not unreasonable, and although for the same work twice as much is paid in commercial life, the men are volunteers, serving their country willingly.

The reasoning of your editorial is patriotic and deserves commendation, but the facts cannot be construed to cover all of the branches

## GIRL TELEGRAPHER WHO WON RICH MAN AT THE HOTEL WIRE.



ANN JEANETTE BROWN

and organizations in the field, for at least the field artillery was splendidly taken care of. Appropriations for any branch of the military training of the citizens of this country should, in the light of our national experience in every war, be unstintingly given, for it has been shown that training in war costs many lives and the cost in dollars progresses geometrically.

The officers, both of the National Guard and the regular army, are practically the same food as the privates, and their baggage was limited to the necessities of life. I was assigned at one time to assist at packing their belongings in breaking camp and write from personal observation.

Thanking you for your interest in the army I am, yours respectfully, CHARLES W. LOHMAN, Private Battery A, Second Regiment, Field Artillery.

**ALL THE LIKKER HE GOT WAS FROM A PRIVATE FLASK.**

Col. William Church, editor of the Army and Navy Journal, published in New York, writes to take exception to some of the points cited in The Evening World's editorial. This is his letter:

To the Editor of The Evening World: The World is in error when it says in its article on "Minic-Manoeuvres" that the rank and file worked hard indeed. When the men had finished packing or unpacking the canteens, chairs, elaborate tent outfits, wine bottles, and fancy liquor glasses of the regular army officers they had little time or strength to attend to their own comfort. The officers denied themselves nothing. Their special equipment of camping luxuries and pleasing drinks was carried about in mule wagons and dragged up hill and down dale by a scandalously short supply of mules. Ordinary camp furniture could wait. Officers must sleep softly, an sip their wine from delicate glassware.

The National Guard had nothing whatever to do with packing or unpacking the effects of the regular officers, and these effects did not include the articles mentioned in your paragraph. I had the good fortune to be an invited guest at the manoeuvres and was a partaker of all the luxuries that were to be found at the headquarters of the chief umpire. They consisted, in my case, of a small tent, a single cot and two blankets, a bucket and one chair. I provided myself with a sheet and pillow case and whatever else I considered essential to my comfort. As the men talk at which I sit I found the foreign attaché who would be expected to be treated with all the camp could afford. There was no one to properly care for the men, so that to sit if it were furnished, no settees, elaborate tent outfits, or liquor glasses of any sort. The only liquor had been sent to the officers from his private flask. Your "participant who kept his eyes open" doubtless had a different experience. If it hadn't been for the apples I guess I would have starved.

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